

HOW GERMANY IS FIGHTING "GENERAL WINTER": PHOTOGRAPHS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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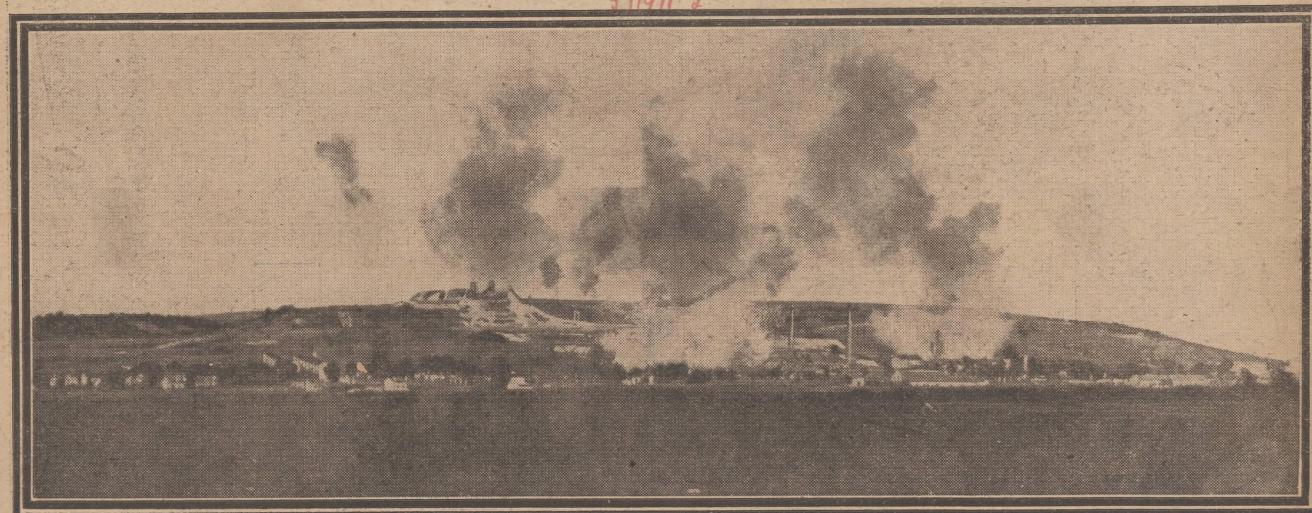
16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

'THE SIEGE OF FRANCE': WONDERFUL BATTLE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN  
BY FRENCH OFFICER DURING A GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.



Each puff of smoke marks the explosion of a German shell.



The village on fire during the bombardment.

These actual battle photographs give a remarkable view of a modern bombardment. They were taken by a French aeronautical officer while the Germans were busily bombarding the village of Varengeville with 9in. guns. Each puff of smoke marks the fall

of a great German shell. The photographs were taken from a captive balloon three and a half miles away from the bombardment. At the beginning of the campaign the German artillery was superior to that of the Allies. It is not now.





By appointment  
to H.M.  
the Queen.

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By appointment  
to H.M. the King  
& Queen of Spain

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It comprises

PARIS MODEL DAY & EVENING GOWNS, BLOUSES  
TAILOR MADES, MANTLES & TEA GOWNS

These were secured at a HUGE DISCOUNT

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In order to give an idea of the unprecedented character of this Sale, we mention just one item, typical of the rest

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Paris Price  
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In Bronze Green Empire Satin, with Overdress of Black Net. Exquisitely jewelled with Cut Steel Beads, Brilliants, and Turquoise.  
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Warm Woolen  
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Soft Warm Woolen  
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Carriage  
Paid 10/-

WINTER IN THE TRENCHES.

"The Daily Mirror" says: "A winter campaign means great hardships for our brave soldiers, and it is essential that they should have warm clothing to protect them from the cold."

THEREFORE, what better present could be sent to our relatives or friends at the Front than one of these warm Fur Garments which meets the above case in every particular.

The most comfortable  
and warmest Sleeping  
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FUR HELMET  
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W 0680—Wonder-  
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Set, latest shape  
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The Set 70/-  
Post free. 63/-  
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and Muff, lined Silk.  
Price 37/6 Post free.  
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Fur Stole and Muff,  
made in luxurious silk  
Fur resembling real Fox.  
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Coat, charming  
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Silky Fur set, in Black Squirrel  
Trim. Can be had in Black, Smoke  
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Price the Set 19/6 Post free. 19/6  
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Real Black Fox Fur set, in latest  
shape. Gns.  
Bargain Price 84/-  
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Real Black Fox Fur set, in latest  
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The Set. Post Free. 84/-  
Send for Catalogue.

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# WON V.C. WITH THE BAYONET.

P. 16772



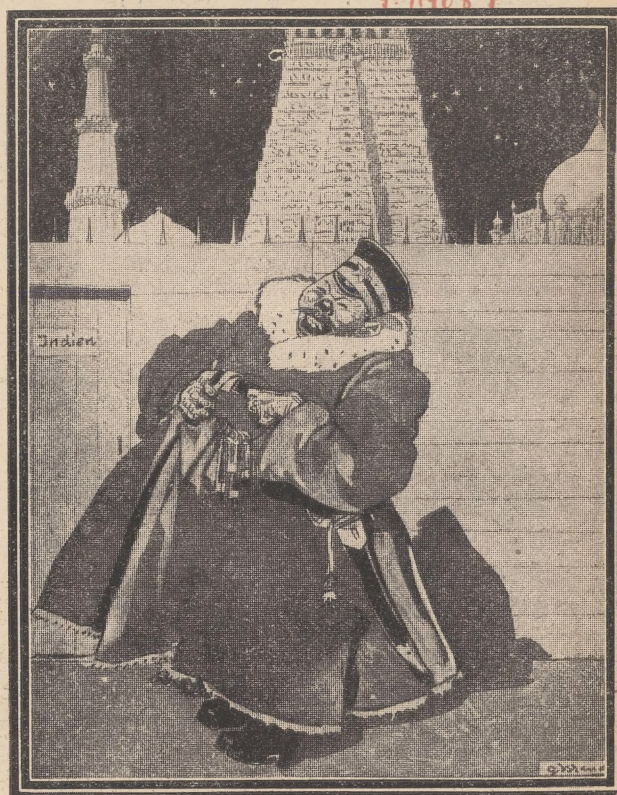
Lieutenant Walter Brodie.

Sergeant Harlock.

Two V.C. heroes: Lieutenant Walter Lorraine Brodie, of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, led the British charge and bayoneted several Germans. Sergeant Harlock worked his gun though twice wounded.

# "THE TREACHEROUS GAOLER."

9. 11908 F



In this cartoon the German artist depicts Japan as a gaoler holding England's Eastern possessions during the war. Japan has the keys to India and laughs to think how he can betray England.

# NO WONDER THE CANADIANS LONG TO GO TO FRANCE! THERE'S LESS MUD THERE.

9. 6180 C

9. 6180 C



Whatever may be the weather conditions at the front, the Canadians on Salisbury Plain will be equal to them, since their energy and good humour have been proof against the results of the recent heavy rains in Wiltshire. In one of the photo-



graphs a group of Canadians is seen cheerfully wading through a mud stream. In the other photograph a motor-transport wagon used by the Canadians is seen cutting through the mud. The Canadians think it must be nice in the trenches.



## DRAMA OF GERMAN "JACK-IN-THE-BOX."

Prisoner of War Found in Small  
Packing Case at Tilbury.

### MYSTERY OF ESCAPE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

GRAVESEND, Dec. 13.—An ordinary-looking packing-case, measuring about 3ft. long by 2ft. wide and deep, marked on the outside "Non-poisonous—Safety Matches," was being taken on board the steamer Batavier II. at Tilbury yesterday morning, when an extraordinary thing happened.

The steamer Batavier II. was bound for Rotterdam, and a number of elderly aliens had been taken aboard for shipment to their own country via Holland.

The packing case was sent down a six-foot chute to the ferry-boat and then rolled over and over along the gangway of the liner.

Then suddenly one side burst open, and out came—not matches, but a man's arm!

#### FURNISHED BOX.

The man in the packing-case was a young German officer, who had attempted this daring and hazardous means of getting back to Germany in order, it is supposed, to give his countrymen all the information in his possession.

Koehn was taken out in a semi-unconscious state. He quickly revived after a cup of hot coffee had been given him, and he explained in broken English that he had been in the box for fifteen hours.

The packing-case contained a rug, an air cushion, a blanket, some bananas, biscuits and cheese and a bottle of cocoa.

Koehn was taken to Captain Jerviss's cabin, and there he admitted that his name was Otto



CAPTAIN JERVISS.

Koehn, and that he was a lieutenant in the German merchant marine.

He refused to make any statement, except that he had bought the packing-case at a camp canteen, and that he locked himself in.

One of the high officials at Gravesend to-day said that he couldn't help admiring Koehn's immense pluck and bravery in attempting this amazing method of escape. He said:—

"I have had a long chat with him this morning. He is a very nice fellow indeed, and now that he has been captured is rather inclined to joke about his adventure."

"As he is a man of about 5ft. 11in. in height, it is an extraordinary thing how he forced himself into the box and managed to endure the agony of being continually jolted about."

"He declares that he locked himself in—but I think that would be impossible."

"The packing-case was remarkably fitted out with every convenience for a man who expects to live within a confined space for several days."

#### A CAMP PLOT?

Inquiries showed that Koehn had been interned at the concentration camp at Dorchester, after being taken prisoner on his arrival in this country from America. He was taken back to Dorchester last night.

How Koehn got away from the camp in the box is a complete mystery.

On Friday night last a party of elderly aliens arrived at Tilbury under military escort for transportation to Germany in exchange for British prisoners.

With them came a large quantity of luggage, and lying underneath the pile of boxes and bags was the packing-case in which the German lay concealed.

There is little doubt that a number of prisoners were in the plot and assisted in Koehn's escape.

The prisoners had to attend to their own baggage and to convey it to the station, so that once the man was made comfortable inside the packing case everything else was comparatively easy.

### KAISER OFF TO BATTLE AGAIN.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 12.—The health of the Kaiser has improved so much that he will be able to go to the front again next week.—Exchange Special.

### IRON CROSS FOR WOMAN DRIVER.

A woman doctor of Tapiau, who is acting as a volunteer motor-driver, has been decorated with the Iron Cross, according to the *Telegraf*, says an Amsterdam message.

## HIGHLANDERS' FUN.

Cameron's Guardroom That Is Known  
as the "Potsdam Palace."

### "BAIRNS OF FALKIRK."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BEDFORD, Dec. 12.—The Highland Territorial Brigade at Bedford is composed of fine sturdy men, and all the battalions have volunteered for foreign service.

When I saw them they all seemed to be very happy in the trenches they had dug some miles ahead above the trench he was bombarded from all sides with pellets of clay.

The majority of the troops are lucky enough to be billeted in private houses, but some have had to be content with empty houses.

One house I visited boasted a piano, and a musical evening was in full progress, while the "cook" of the party was busily engaged in making a savoury dish.

Even recruitment has a partiality for descriptive mottoes, and on one big villa I noticed the following inscription: "Bairns of Falkirk. Better meddle with the Devil than the Bairns of Falkirk."

The Cameron's guard-room is popularly known as "Potsdam Palace." P. J. W.

### BLUSHING FOR A NAME.

Proposal to Naturalise German Roses by  
Giving Them Prettier Titles.

There is a movement in horticultural circles to give flowers—more especially roses—with German names the dignity of British titles. And everybody knows that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

"A certain amount of discussion in regard to the matter has been going on in the technical press," said a Rosarian to *The Daily Mirror*, "but if the roses are to be rechristened, or 'naturalised,' the suggestion would not be considered until the spring."

Here are some of the "alien enemy" roses:— One of the most popular white roses in cultivation is that known as Frau Karl Druschki. It is a beautiful pure white rose, but scentless, and it is suggested that it should be renamed Snow Queen.

Frau Anna Schneider is a German-raised rose. Rose-carmine and orange-yellow in colour, it is a fragrant early-flowering tea rose. Queen of the Teas is suggested as its new title.

Kaiser Wilhelm II., raised by Welter in 1910, is crimson and black. Black Hun is mentioned as a suitable change of name.

Kronprinzessin Cecilie, a pink free-flowering rose, raised by Schmitt in 1908, would be just as nice, if it is said, if it were called Pink Princess.

Primrose Queen is the alternative mentioned for the rose Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, which was raised in 1891, and is primrose in colour and very fragrant.

The only so-called blue rose in existence, Veilchen blau, raised by Schmitt in 1899, should, it is suggested, be styled the Blue Rose.

"The German rose growers," he said, "cannot compete with the French and the British in the rearing of new roses. Of late years Irish roses should be noted, have particularly excelled in raising roses notable for their scent, brilliancy of colour, and hardihood."

### GERMANY'S "TURNED HEAD."

"I appeal to the young not to undervalue the greatness of their destiny. I do not doubt that the result of this meeting will be that Britons will show an example to the world and prove that without compulsion and from a sense of duty they are ready to rally to the standard!"

So said Mr. Balfour on Saturday at a mass meeting in Colston Hall, Bristol, where he spoke in support of the War Office appeal for 5,000 more recruits from the city and district.

Germany's crime, he said, was the crime of a nation which declared, "Power and prosperity are valueless to me unless I can also dominate and coerce the whole civilised world."

"At almost looks," he added, "as if the war of 1870 and the unexampled outburst of prosperity which succeeded it had turned the heads of a great nation."



A Canadian pass intercepted in the Rugby football game played between a Canadian fifteen and a public schools fifteen at Richmond on Saturday.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

## HIS GIRL ON HIS ARM.

Tattooist Kept Busy by Affectionate  
Soldiers and Sailors.

### FORGET-ME-NOT DESIGNS.

To be tattooed before going on active service is the latest craze of soldiers and sailors, and tattoo artists are being kept very busy.

Designs taken from the latest patriotic postcards are very popular. Particular favourites are one showing a bulldog enwrapped in the Union Jack, with the words, "You thought I was asleep, did you?" and another representing the Allied flags with the inscription "Banners of liberty" underneath.

Many officers have their regimental badge and name tattooed on their arms. Several Belgian soldiers have had their skins marked with the Belgian flag and the words "Down with the Germans!"

Soldiers and sailors and their sweethearts go together to the tattooist and choose an emblem typifying affection and fidelity. Cupids, bleeding hearts, clasped hands, and forget-me-nots are favourite devices.

The *Daily Mirror* saw a dragon tattooed on the arm of M. W. Richards, a Royal Field Artillery driver. He also had his regimental number and some initials placed on his arm. He said he was an old St. Peter's (York) boy, and had been a cowboy in the Argentine for twelve years before coming back to England and joining the Army.

He has played for Yorkshire and England against the Argentine in Rugby football, and was wounded in the knee after the battle of Mons. He is going out again next week.

Portraits are often demanded of the tattooist. Quite often the heads of King George and King Albert are asked for, but likenesses generally are those of a man's sweetheart, or of his wife and children.

### "SO SWEET" FROCKS.

Christmas Party Dresses of Pale Pink and  
Blue for Little Maids.

Children's party dresses are prettier than ever this year.

Although there are few social entertainments for grown-ups, mothers have decided that the children must have their little parties and dances as usual this Christmas.

Lovely little dresses are being sold in the West End for girls of all ages.

The pale pinks and the pale blues are the fashionable decorative colours for little girls, but these are used with lace gowns as sashes and ribbons.

One large West End firm told *The Daily Mirror* that the usual stock has been made for girls' dresses. The little dresses are what the enthusiastic mother would call "so sweet."

Nearly all are of lace, but they are trimmed with ribbons, flower boutonnieres, nosegays and wreaths of pretty pink roses.

Although many pounds can be paid for a girl's party dress, lovely little dresses can be bought as low as 25s.

### "SMASHED BY A SINGLE BLOW."

PARIS, Dec. 13.—The *Journal*, commenting on the British success at Basra, the terminus of the Bagdad Railway, says:—

"Germany's great schemes in Asiatic Turkey are thus shattered at a single blow."

"Never has the absurdity of German aggression been more strikingly demonstrated. The British success will have an immense effect in the Arabian world, all the greater on account of the mastery way in which it was achieved."—*Reuter*.

### DASH FROM A SUBMARINE.

A thrilling story of a British steamer's dash from a submarine is reported from Harwich.

When about thirty miles out from the Hook of Holland the Great Eastern Railway steamer Colchester sighted a submarine, and her captain, fearing a German attack, went full speed ahead on a zig-zag course.

The submarine dived and was not seen again, but the captain took no risk, and raced to Harwich, which was reached in almost record time.

## HUSBAND'S FLIGHT IN PEASANT DRESS.

Wife Joins Briton Who Made Daring  
Dash from Brussels.

### DAYS IN SNOWSTORM.

How an English architect, cleverly disguised as a Belgian peasant, escaped from Brussels in a blinding snowstorm and safely reached the Dutch frontier—a distance of some eighty miles—was told to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by the fugitive himself.

So well did he look and play the part of a Belgian peasant that not once on the thirty or forty occasions he was required to produce his papers at the Belgian barriers was his identity suspected. Had he been recognised he would have been sent to Germany and shot.

To-day he and his wife are with friends in London. Both are almost penniless. When they went to Brussels three years ago they took with them two patent safes, of furniture. Their worldly possessions on reaching England last week were reduced to a small parcel!

The hero of this daring escape is Mr. John Douglas Eshelby, a handsome Englishman of 6ft. 2in.

"I had made up my mind to stay in Brussels right through the war," he told *The Daily Mirror*. But on November 14 the Germans began to arrive miles to the south, and I was warned that I, too, would shortly share their fate.

"For nearly a week I hid in my office, and there I planned my escape. I secured a soft black hat, a long dark shabby overcoat, a pair of leather gaiters, and a towel as a muffler. Dressed in these clothes I looked quite like a Belgian carter—like enough to pass muster."

"At length the eventful hour arrived. It was three o'clock on November 20.

"Snow was falling heavily. Stealing out of my hiding-place, I jumped into a pony trap

"So bitterly cold was the weather that both my driver and I were soon compelled to get out of the trap and walk. We passed the first night in ruined Louvain, and started again in the darkness of early morning."

"That night, after dark, we got to a little town—within twelve miles of the frontier."

"On Sunday, November 22, almost frozen with the cold, we saw the welcome signs of a frontier flag, and there the man who had driven me went back with his pony and trap, and I plodded on for hours to arrive miles to the rendezvous at which my wife was to join me."

#### WIFE'S FLIGHT.

It was not until the following Saturday that Mrs. Eshelby left Brussels to join her husband.

I had learned on Monday, November 23, that my husband had arrived across the frontier," said Mrs. Eshelby, "and on Tuesday morning a Belgian friend went into Brussels with me to try and get me away by a char-a-banc agency."

"But on reaching these offices, we found that all passports had been stopped, even for Belgian women. So my friend got me an old passport. It took me five days to persuade the man who had taken my husband to the frontier to take me."

"We went by way of Malines, Waelhen, Duffel and Santhoven. On reaching Santhoven we found the snow had disappeared, and we were finally able to travel twice as fast as my husband could."

Mrs. Eshelby made the journey disguised as a peasant woman. Peasant husband and peasant wife duly met."

Last Thursday they surprised their London friends, who had had no news of them from Brussels for four months, by suddenly appearing."

### THRILLING FIGHT IN NIGHT.

In a letter to relatives in Liverpool, Private E. Day, of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry (an officer of which has just been decorated with the Victoria Cross), relates a story of the exploit of a company which may not be unconnected with this award.

"B Company of ours, about fifty of them," he says, "were attacked one night by about 300 Germans."

"Our lads let them have a round. But a lot of them found that the bolt had lodged, so they used the ridge of the rifle as a style as they fired. Others used spades and picks and some bare fists."

"The officer in charge of the Maxim gun accounted for about thirty himself, and he is recommended for the V.C. They took fifty prisoners. I feel just proud of my regiment."

### TURKS INTERN BRITISH CONSUL.

ROME, Dec. 12.—Replying to several Deputies in the Chamber to-day, Baron Sonnino, the Premier, said the Italian Government had asked Constantinople for exemplary reparation and the immediate release of the British Consul at Hodeida, who was forcibly removed by Turkish soldiers from the Italian Consulate.

The same night that he was captured the British Consul was interned with the French Consul, who had been captured at Beyrout.

Baron Sonnino added that the Italian cruiser Marco Polo had been ordered to go to Hodeida.

—Central News.  
Baron Sonnino, says an Exchange message, added that the Ottoman Government had promised to investigate the affair as soon as they could communicate with Hodeida and to give due satisfaction.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

England, S.E.—Continuing unsettled; some rain; moderate temperature.



# THREE VIOLENT ATTACKS BY GERMANS REPULSED NEAR YPRES

## French Artillery in Big-Gun Duels Wrecks Enemy's Howitzers.

## ALLIES DRIVE BACK FOE FROM CANAL.

## Russians Capture German Position and Pursue Defeated Troops Towards Frontier.

## AUSTRIANS CHASED ACROSS RIVER BY SERBIANS.

Splendid successes have been gained by the Allies during the week-end.

Three violent attacks were made by the Germans south-east of Ypres, but all, says yesterday's French official report, have been repulsed.

While no German success at any point in the line is recorded, the Allies have made substantial progress at several places.

French artillerymen have further asserted their superiority, and German howitzer and field gun batteries have been destroyed.

By winning these artillery duels the French are rapidly undermining the German faith in their big guns, the much-vaunted product of Krupp's.

In Flanders the enemy has apparently been fought to a standstill, for the Allies have now occupied the west bank of the Yser Canal, the scene of so much desperate fighting in recent weeks.

Around Arras the enemy is showing a good deal of activity, doubtless in the hope of opening another road to Calais.

But during the past few days the Allies have considerably strengthened their grip of this part of the battle line.

Poland may soon rival Flanders as the grave of the Kaiser's hopes. On the Galician front the Austrians have again been defeated in an attempt to draw the Russian forces from the gates of Cracow. Having captured German positions, the Russians have advanced on the whole front in the direction of Mlava.

## GERMAN ATTACKS ARE ALL HURLED BACK.

## Allies Make Substantial Progress and Serbians Chase Fleeing Austrians.

PARIS, Dec. 13.—The official communiqué issued at three o'clock this afternoon says:—

Yesterday was particularly quiet. The enemy's activity was shown by an intermittent cannonade at different points along the front.

He made, however, three violent infantry attacks, which were repulsed, in the region to the south-east of Ypres.

In Le Pretre Wood we have made substantial progress.

In the Vosges the enemy made several attacks on the Mother Henri Beacon, to the north-west of Senones, but was repulsed.

## AUSTRIANS ON THE RUN.

In Serbia the extreme Serbian left, pursuing the enemy, forced him to recross the Drina towards Banjabasta.

Along the rest of the front the Serbians continue to drive back the Austrians in a northerly and north-easterly direction.—Reuter.

## TWO MORE ATTACKS FAILED.

PARIS, Dec. 13.—The following official communiqué was issued at 11 p.m.:—

Information has been received from the two extremities of the front of the repulse of two German attacks—one to the north-east of Ypres and the other directed against the railway station at Asbach.—Reuter.

## HOWITZERS DESTROYED.

Marked success by the Allies was recorded in Saturday's official communiqué from Paris, which stated:—

The enemy has completely evacuated the west bank of the Yser Canal north of the ferryman's house. We occupy that bank.

In the region of Nampool our batteries have reduced those of the enemy to silence.

In the Aisne region our heavy artillery has silenced the German field batteries, and one of their own howitzer batteries has been completely destroyed.

In the Meuse heights the enemy's artillery has shown little activity.

On the other hand, ours have demolished two of the enemy's batteries, one being of heavy calibre and the other intended for firing against aeroplanes, at Deuxnouds, west of Vignelles les Hattonchâtel.

In the same region we have blown up a block-house and destroyed several trenches.

## BOY SENTRY'S FIGHT WITH CRAWLING FOE.

French Lad of Sixteen Wins Military Medal by Repeated Deeds of Valour.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Dec. 11.—"Allow me to congratulate you. I'm an old soldier, and fought in the war of 1870."

I looked up from the table outside the café on the boulevards at which I was sitting and saw a pleasant-faced old man shaking hands with a smiling, fresh-coloured boy of sixteen, in the uniform of the 4th Heavy Artillery, with the Military Medal on his breast.

I questioned the young hero, and he told me his story. His name is Jean Mercadier, and at the beginning of August he was living with his family at Adainville, a little place in the department of Seine-et-Oise.

For eight successive days he watched the troops marching through the village.

On the ninth day the 59th Artillery, with their guns and horses, halted at Adainville. Jean was joined in their midst, talking with them, asking them a thousand questions, and burning to join them.

## CREPT TOWARDS ENEMY.

At last he could stand it no longer. He must go and be a soldier, and when the regiment moved off on their way to the front young Mercadier marched with them.

For a week he bore the soldiers' company. Then he was transferred to the 4th Heavy Artillery, and has been with that regiment ever since.

On one occasion during the battle of the Marne, when he was on sentry duty at four o'clock in the morning his young ears caught a suspicious sound.

Turning quickly he saw a German crawling towards the French lines. The boy crept stealthily forward, his revolver in his hand.

Springing to his feet, the German lunged at the youthful sentry, and wounded him slightly in the hand. Mercadier made a step backward, took aim, and shot his adversary dead.

The man brought down by the young artilleryman was a German officer entrusted with a perilous mission by the enemy.

## STRUCK BY SHELL.

Jean went on fighting, and seven weeks later, at Suippes, in the Marne, he bore himself so bravely that he was mentioned in the order of the day. But before the day was over he was hit in the side by a fragment of a shell, and so badly injured that for a time it was feared he might succumb. Thoroughly recovered, he received the Military Medal, and was promoted to be a soldier of the first class.

With careful nursing, the boy gradually came round. To-day he seems as hale as ever.

W. L. McALPIN.

## PRINCE AMONG TROOPERS

PARIS, Dec. 13.—During a three days' visit, which he made to—last week, the Prince of Wales called on General Goiran, the General commanding the district.

In the course of conversation the General recalled his visit to King George last year, when in the capacity of Mayor of Nice he brought his Majesty a miniature model of the statue erected by the town of Nice in memory of Queen Victoria.

Immediately after the interview the Prince left—where he had arrived last Tuesday from the British headquarters.

He proceeded in a French Limousine, driven by a private soldier to the regiment camp.

The British troopers were delighted with what was a surprise visit, and greeted the Prince with rousing cheers.

His Royal Highness afterwards inspected the veterinary camp, and then, leaving his car, he returned to the town on foot.

The Prince spent the following day in inspecting the ambulance service and visiting wounded in the different hospitals of the town.—Reuter's Special.

## 4,000 PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS.

Fierce Fighting South of Cracow—Pursuit of Retreating Germans.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 13.—A dispatch from the Great Headquarters Staff, issued this evening, says:—

In the Mlava region we have concluded our offensive with success along the whole of the front. Yesterday we captured the enemy's position in the region Przemys-Ciechanow, and pursued the enemy in retreat towards his frontier.

Our cavalry by a successful charge inflicted on the enemy the most serious losses.

On the front, Lowicz-Nowo, the Germans continued their desperate offensive, and our troops inflicted great losses on them.

We captured in this region a new position to the north of the Beura River.

Throughout the rest of the battlefield on the left bank of the Vistula there have only been isolated actions.

To the south of Cracow the battle continues without any change in the respective positions. In the Carpathians our troops and the Austrians continue to attack and repel each other.—Reuter.

In an earlier Russian communiqué yesterday it was announced that Headquarters of the Army in the Caucasus was issued here to day:—

"Yesterday afternoon the Goeben, accompanied by the cruiser Berk-Satvet, approached Batum and attempted to bombard the town and fortress, but the forts having opened fire, the ships drew off quickly, having fired fifteen shots which caused insignificant damage."—Reuter.

(Batumi is a strongly-fortified Russian naval base on the Black Sea.)

## 'SUPERHUMAN HEROISM OF MY DEAR SOLDIERS.'

Serbian Crown Prince's Stirring Appeal to Troops to Break Enemy Utterly.

NISH, Dec. 12.—The following is the text of the order of the day addressed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army to his men.

By the superhuman heroism and by the noble sacrifices of my dear soldiers in the fighting of the last few days you have beaten the enemy, and with a rapidity unequalled in military history, you are pursuing his army.

You have defeated four of the enemy's army corps. You have captured innumerable trophies and on the crown of your victories you have inscribed the names of your glorious victories at Ushitza, Khablar, Sonobabar, Malir, Kosmat, Lig and Kolubara.

I ask you, my heroes, to continue with an iron will the pursuit of the enemy. Drive him from our dear country. Recover the homes of the faithful which the enemy has hopelessly despoiled.

Glorify to those who fall on the field of honour. Long live my fine officers and soldiers.—(Signed) The Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Armies, the Crown Prince Alexander.

NISH, Dec. 12.—The following official communiqué is published here:—

On December 10, on the northern and the north-western fronts, our troops continue to pursue the enemy, who is retiring rapidly without stopping, and we have occupied Biala, Racica, Rogatchica and Kamenitzka.—Reuter.

## THE "LODY OAK."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 13.—The town of Nordhausen, where Hans Lody, the officer who was shot in the Tower of London, was born, has decided to honour his memory by planting an oak, which will be called the "Lody oak."—Reuter.

## "ENGLISH PRISONERS PASS IN SILENCE."

Berlin Story of the Stiff Salute That Was Accorded to German Captives.

## ANTWERP SIDELIGHT.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—A long and interesting narrative of a motor run from Brussels into Flanders, and to the German fighting line in France, written by the special correspondent of the Berlin Lokalanzeiger, is published by that paper.

Starting on a grey morning, with snow on the ground, his companion being the Turkish prince, Abdul Rahman, the correspondent says:

If the Antwerp garrison of 120,000 men had known that the number of the German Army did not amount to more than 60,000, the issue probably would have been a little different, but, fortunately, it seems that they had not the least idea of it.

None the less, the only two brigades available were dispatched from Alost on the morning of October 9, the day on which Antwerp fell, to bar the way, if possible, of the retreating enemy.

One of these brigades succeeded in forcing a part of the English and Belgian forces over the Dutch frontier, while the other encountered very strong resistance at Quatrech, and became involved in street fighting which cost it extremely heavy loss.

The correspondent goes on to describe his journey. At Moorslede he was turned back.

## "WE SHALL WIN."

"As we fell there," he writes, "fourteen French prisoners were brought in, one an officer with whom I had some conversation.

"He had no hesitation in admitting that the Allies in their trenches, in spite of steel plates and breastworks, suffered severely from the fire of the German heavy guns and from hunger, cold and sickness; but he added emphatically: 'You will never take our positions. We shall win this war.'

The next day I saw some English prisoners, but nobody speaks to them, officers or men. They are silently and stiffly saluted by the raising of the hand to the cap as they go past.

## "NOT SEEMLY."

I therefore thought it would not be seemly for me to approach them.

The attacks on Ypres have cost us heavy—very heavy—sacrifices.

We can advance only quite slowly, step by step, with the help of sap and heavy artillery.

At Roulers, he says, there is a steam tramway worked by the German troops.

A big crowd gathered, mostly of screaming women. I jumped out of the car and saw a man lying in front of the engine, but held tight by it.

The driver told us that the man had thrown himself across the rails and refused to move. The driver had now jammed his hand brake and could not stir it.

It was clear that the driver was not to blame, but nevertheless the women shrieked and the men cast darkling looks at us, and would have soon passed to threats if there had not been so many soldiers.

With the help of jacks the man was released, and was found to be little hurt. A priest calmed the crowd.

In Brussels, adds the correspondent, the people are already much tamer.—Reuter.

## RUSH OF VOLUNTEERS FOR CERTAIN DEATH.

Heroic Offer of 36 Airmen When but Three Were Needed—General's Last Embrace.

PARIS, Dec. 12.—The papers publish a particularly moving story illustrating anew the devotion of the members of the French air service.

During a recent engagement the Commander-in-Chief assembled all his locally available airmen, and the men, thirty-six in number, grouped themselves in a circle around him.

There is a very important mission to be carried out," he said, "and I want three men who are ready to sacrifice their lives. Let those who are prepared for this sacrifice hold up their hands."

Every man, without a single exception, raised his hand.

The general, who was deeply touched and unable completely to mask his emotion, caused lots to be drawn and then remained in confidential conversation with the three men on whom the lot had fallen.

He left them no doubt concerning the terrible danger they would be facing.

Their orders received, the heroic trio saluted and left to make ready the aeroplane that was to carry them to death.

"Halt! Right about!" ordered the general, and the three returned.

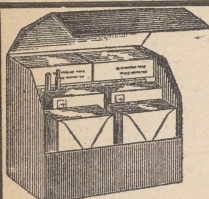
"Since when has it been," said their commander, "that children who are going to die do not embrace their father?"

And he embraced each man in turn. Then the three left him again.—Central News.



These nurses, who belong to the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Field Service, have just left for the front, where they will be attached to a French hospital unit.—(Kato Pragnelli.)





1,000 only of these wonderful parcels, containing good parchment paper as follows—36 Sheets (Writing Pad), 120 Sheets (Note-paper), 50 Post-cards, 12 Envelope, 50 Post-cards, 2 Notebooks, 2 Straps, Stamp Case, Safety-spring Traveling Ink, Penholder, Pencil and Letter-opener. In Black, Green, Purple and Red. Complete 2/-

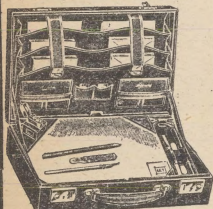
Address printed in Black 6d. extra.



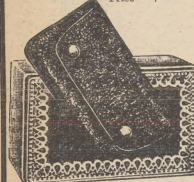
A MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT—Ladies' Travelling Slippers. Fitted into a neat case, as illustration. In Red, Heather, Blue and Sage Velvet. Special Price 2/11



No. 53M. Special Value in Christmas Cards. 25 well assorted Cards and Envelopes for



No. 179 N.—14in. good deep Attache Case, covered Black Grained, lined with Tan Leather Pockets, 2 Notebooks, 2 Straps, Stamp Case, Safety-spring Traveling Ink, Penholder, Pencil and Letter-opener. In Black, Green, Purple and Red. Price 5/11



No. 94 M.—Leather Tobacco Pouch, in best English Calf, lined rubber, with flap. Colours—Black, Green, Brown and Navy. Complete in box 1/6

# Pontings of Kensington

The House for Value.

TO-DAY a Christmas Shopping Week of exceptional attractiveness commences with a

## Great Sale of French Jewellery

THAT WILL CONTINUE THROUGHOUT THE WEEK.

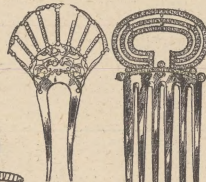
The true Yuletide atmosphere permeates Pontings in every department, and this collection of delightful Parisian Bijouterie productions—several stocks secured at remarkably low prices owing to the depression of Paris trade—simply bristles with irresistible suggestions for those in search of unusual gifts.

PONTINGS now is the Mecca of the Gift-Seeker, and We invite you to come, as soon as you can, and see for yourself what splendid facilities for successful shopping we offer you. Come if you possibly can—it's very easy to get here—but if you can't, then order whatever you want by phone or post and trust us to execute your order promptly and correctly.

### IMPORTANT SALE OF VELVETEENS THIS WEEK.



Quaint Indian Dolls, elaborately dressed, trimmed with tinsel, beads and sequins. Lady and gentleman. Size, 14in. and 10in. Special Price each 2/- per pair 2/-



French Fringe

In various designs, set with Amber, Shell or Sapphire. We are not able to illustrate these owing to the great variety of patterns. Paris price 7 to 12 francs. To be sold at one price. Each 2/-



Best French Pendants, with real stones—Topaz, Amethyst, Moss, Agate and Rock Pearl. All set in silver with fine paste brilliants. Paris price 10 to 18 francs. Special Price, each 3/-

The Rokeby Satin Down Quilt. 5ft. by 4ft. (each) 16/11 Double Bed Size. 6ft. by 5ft. 22/6 each.

A Useful Gift for charitable purposes is one of our Wool Shoddy China Quilts. 6ft. by 5ft. 9/11. 4 1/2 ft. by 3 1/2 ft. 5/11. Truly double these prices.

A most useful Christmas Gift, Lovely Irish Linen Sheets, for double beds, 90ins. wide, 5yds. long, H.S. 8/6 each Sheet

Also a few plain at 7/6 each. All pure Linen.

Deluxe French Shoe Buckles, set with fine paste brilliants. Usually sold 2/6 per pair. Special price per pair 1/-



XMAS Shopping WEEK



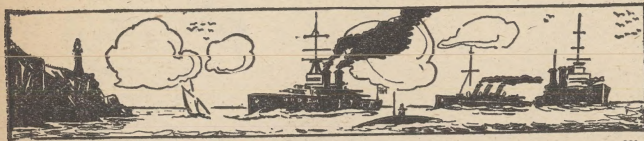
Smart Military Collar of spotted and plain net with richly piped satin or floral plaid. Special Price, 2/9 each.



Smart Military Bag, in good quality, with long strap handle and well-made metal frame. Special Price 2/11

## PONTINGS KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

Adjoining Kensington High Street Station—Easy of access from everywhere.



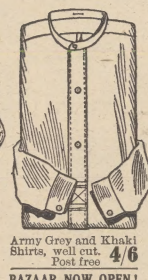
### Comforts for our Soldiers and Sailors.



We hold large stocks of these goods. Special prices for quantities



All-Wool knitted Cardigan Jackets, as illustration. Thick and warm. Grey, Brown, or Khaki. Post Free 10/6

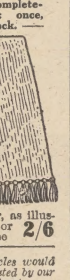


Army Grey and Khaki Shirts, well cut. 4/6 Post Free

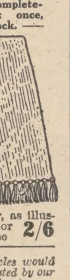


All-Wool Muffler, as illustration, in Khaki or Navy. Post Free 2/6

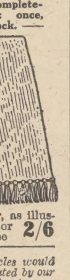
Any of these articles would be highly appreciated by our men at the front.



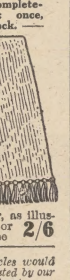
All-Wool Ribbed Seamless Half-Hose, Heather Mixtures; pair Post Free 1/6, 1/3, 1/4



All-Wool Knitted Khaki Mittens. Post Free 1/3



All-Wool Natural Colour Body Belts, as illustration. Post Free 2/-, 1/6



All-Wool woven Khaki Cardigan Jackets, as illustration. A very useful Christmas Present. Post Free 8/6

Contractors to His Majesty's and the French Governments.

## THOMPSONS

163, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CHRISTMAS LIST OF PRESENTS

## DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

### New FUR Cuirasse

(Patent Applied for.)

The exciting moments in an action keep the blood coursing from sheer physical exhilaration, but the icy terrors of out-post duty, the searching COLD of the open trench, are apt to bring the spirits down to Zero IF a man is not suitably clad. History and Army Doctors tell how chills cause more havoc than bullets.

We have a permanent staff in Paris to attend to the immediate despatch of goods to our men at the Front.

Reversible CUIRASSE worn with fur side out.



Reversible CUIRASSE worn with cloth side out.

The Fur Cuirasse to wear under Tunic entirely covers and protects from cold the chest, stomach, shoulders, and the whole of the back. It is a single piece garment, with shaped opening in centre; is drawn over the head and fastened under arms. It is made of the dense Australian Natural Rook Coney Fur, famous Romanoff Lamb or Chinese Grey Kid Skins with Khaki or Government Grey covering, and can be worn either way, as illustrated.

Also commended to the notice of Special Constables.

In FUR Dept. (on ground floor).

Carriage paid anywhere 10/- Price £5 10s. per doz. £45 per hundred.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1914.

## WHAT NEUTRALS THINK.

WE VENTURED to protest, some time ago, against the habit of giving advice to neutrals—a habit very common at the beginning of the war, but now fortunately less frequent. [There is another practice, however, equally noticeable, which consists in interpreting neutral feeling to the rest of the world. The Germans are very much given to it. No doubt the newspapers indulge in it more than they should. But individuals who have just come back from—wherever it may be, individuals who "know" because "they were there when the war broke out": these are the great exponents of neutral feeling.]

We met one of these tourists as early as August, long before we had learnt, in regard to such information, the great lesson that this war has taught, the old Greek lesson "remember not to believe" anything too quickly.

He had returned—well, we had better say, from Utopia, so as not to fall ourselves into the habit of criticising neutrals. He had been in Utopia three weeks, sitting in cafés reading newspapers and, we suppose, conversing, just so much as his very small knowledge of the Utopian tongue permitted, with railway-porters, barbers, waiters in restaurants and the other people who for the traveller represent public opinion.

"And are they on our side?" we asked.

"They are wildly enthusiastic, strongly anti-German. Don't you see? Germany, in the year one, threatened to invade them."

"But hasn't Germany threatened to invade everybody since 1870?"

"No doubt. But the Utopians are proud people. I know them well. They don't like it. As I left my hotel, the boy at the door shouted 'Long live England!' in Utopian. I gave him a franc." (He mentioned the Utopian equivalent of that sum.)

"Did you give him the franc before or after he shouted in Utopian?"

"Don't be cynical."

So much for that conversation.

But the very same day we happened to come in some newspaper or other upon the heading, "Public Opinion in Utopia." And we began to read. The writer pointed out that it was "really impossible" to expect the Utopians to be on the side of the Allies, because they all remembered how, in the time of Athelstan, we had invaded their coasts in boats made of rush and clay. They remembered that. Consequently they were now pro-German.

It was a disappointment. We had hoped the Utopians were with us. But it was a disappointment soon mitigated. A week later, a man just back from Utopia who knew the Utopians well—knew, for instance, how to pronounce the names of all their towns—this man told us to be perfectly at ease about them. No: they would not come in—not on either side. They took no interest in any of us. They disliked the Germans and didn't think much of the French. The English bored them. The Belgians they had never heard of. Utopia stood for herself.

A few weeks after that, Utopia showed very obvious signs of "coming in." On whose side? Ah, wait and see. And, meanwhile, please disbelieve all talk about what the Utopians—or any neutrals—think about the war.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.—William Penn.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### WAR AND PROGRESS.

PARADOX though it is, I think we may surely say that these terrible events of 1914 do not necessarily imply a retrogression of humanity and an end of moral progress.

After all, defensive warfare is a noble thing, or a thing that is definitely a symptom of noble qualities. That being so, we must take courage from the fact that, on our side, this warfare is defensive, and that only the Germans are aggressive.

Let me add that there is no proof that the Germans have degenerated. They were always as "gullible" in thought and as brutal in action as they are now.

A. N.

SOME of your correspondents write: "Human nature is not what it was, and therefore will not be as it is." This statement I wish to dispute.

wherein diplomatsists can arrive at no solution, with the inevitable result that war will be made, in which the stronger will conquer. CRITIC.

### "ONLY A SHILLING."

WOULD "Naval Officer's Wife" prefer to employ unskilled labour?

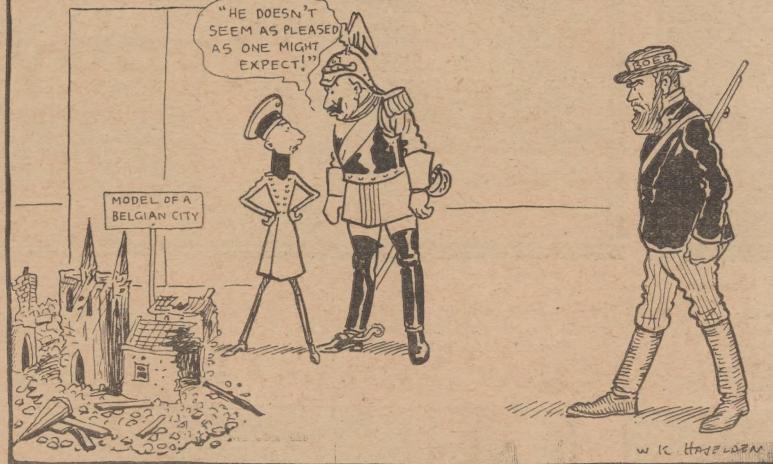
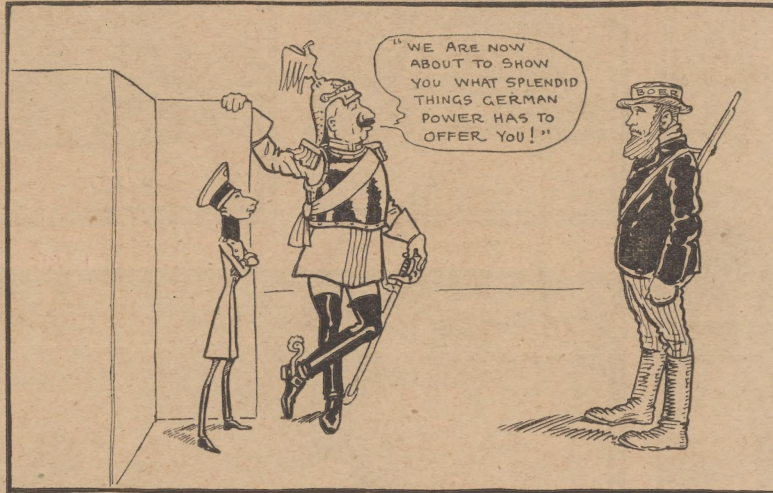
May I be allowed to suggest that it is not domestic servants that the war has mostly affected?

Women who are out of employ are chiefly those of gentler occupations.

Would "K." care to pay £20 per annum to a novice?

I, who am used to all household duties, do not in any way consider them derogatory, and am pleased to execute them; but, on the other hand, many women have been trained for other occupations which the war has affected very

## WHAT BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE SHOWED THE BOER



"Our brother Boer" was no doubt promised wonders if he would help Kaiser and Clown Prince. What he cannot fail to see, however, is the effect of German treatment upon countries under German power. And this is not very encouraging to him.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

I maintain that human nature to-day is very much the same as what it always has been in historical times.

What people mistake for nature is education—that which lends a refinement to our character,

much, and are at a moment's notice unfit for domestic service.

Dare I venture to suggest that perhaps one shilling spared from "K." with so comfortable a home, would greatly help so good a cause?

FOR OUR OWN SEX.

### THE DAFT DAYS.

Now mink December's dowie face  
Glowers o'er the rigs wi' sour grimace,  
While, thro' his minimum of space,  
The blyer's d sun,  
Wi' blinkin' light and stealing pace,  
His race doth run.

From naked groves nae birdie sings:  
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings;  
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings.  
From Borean caves,  
And dawning Nature drops her wings,  
Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean  
Frae snawy hill or barren plain.  
Whan Winter, 'midst his sipping train,  
Wi' frozen spear,  
Sends drift o'er a' his bleak domain,  
And guides the weir.—R. FERGUSON.

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

### Thoughts About Christmas at Home and at the Front.

#### THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

I BELIEVE that, if it were known that the world were soon to come to an end, the spoiling parent of to-day would none the less spend the few remaining moments of the time in loading his or her children with presents.

One does not, of course, in the least wish young boys or girls to suffer needlessly. But it is really not a question of their suffering so much as of their learning one of the great lessons of life, which is occasionally to give up things that we want for the sake of our friends or of the world in general.

From my experience I should say that this spirit is completely lacking in the modern child.

You will see that the same amount of presents will this year be thrown at the boys and girls of all rich people. They will eat and drink as much as, or more than, ever. And all this at a time when fathers, brothers and friends are fighting at the front.

C. M. E.

East Putney.

#### THE XMAS TRUCE.

IS IT possible that on this Christmas the widely advertised idea of a cessation from fighting should be practicable?

Think what it would mean for us to know that our soldiers and sailors were to be at peace for twenty-four hours—and what it would mean to all those who are fighting in the vast battlefield of Europe! It is a strange fact that this Christmas festival will be shared alike by the greater part of the forces engaged in this terrible war. It therefore seems only right and seemly that the great festival of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" should be celebrated peacefully.

We would all like to picture our brave soldiers and sailors singing the well-known Christmas hymns although on the grim battlefields and the deep and lonely seas. And how near it would make them feel to home and England!

In heart we shall all be drawing near to each other on this tragic Christmas Day: our thoughts and prayers will travel by that mysterious "wireless" which, thank God, no enemy's hand can cut or destroy—the "wireless" which carries messages heavenwards, and from heart to heart.

It would also mean a great deal to those in England, and in all parts of the world, who have dear ones at the front, on land or sea, if they could have the relief of knowing that on Christmas Day there would be "Peace on earth." It would lift the shadows for a bit, and anxious hearts would be able to enter into the "Christmas" feeling a little more.

H. E. M.

SURELY the idea of a truce, which has been suggested by the Pope is absurd!

What is the good of an "arrangement" or treaty with the Germans?

They would make the arrangement and promise to observe it, and then would prepare for a good sharp attack on that very day.

Netherhall gardens, Hampstead. S. D.

### IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 13.—Sweet peas that were sown under glass during October are now nice little plants—and must be carefully attended to. Small, twiggy sticks should be stuck around them as soon as they become tall. Keep the soil well stirred and do not give much water until the days become longer.

It is a great mistake to keep the sweet pea frame always closed if steady and bright days are desired. The lights should be drawn back on all bright days, and need only be used during frosty or rainy weather. On cold nights cover the frame with thick mats.

During suitable weather prepare ground for sweet peas by digging

E. F. T.



# "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT" IS POPULAR AT THE HAYMARKET



Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Mrs. Cameron.

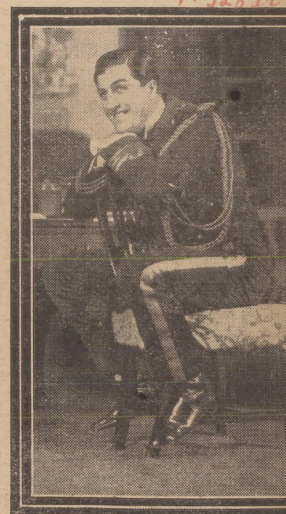
It was a distinctly happy idea to revive that pleasant play, "The Flag Lieutenant," at the Haymarket Theatre, just now, when everybody is thrilled at the thought of British blue-



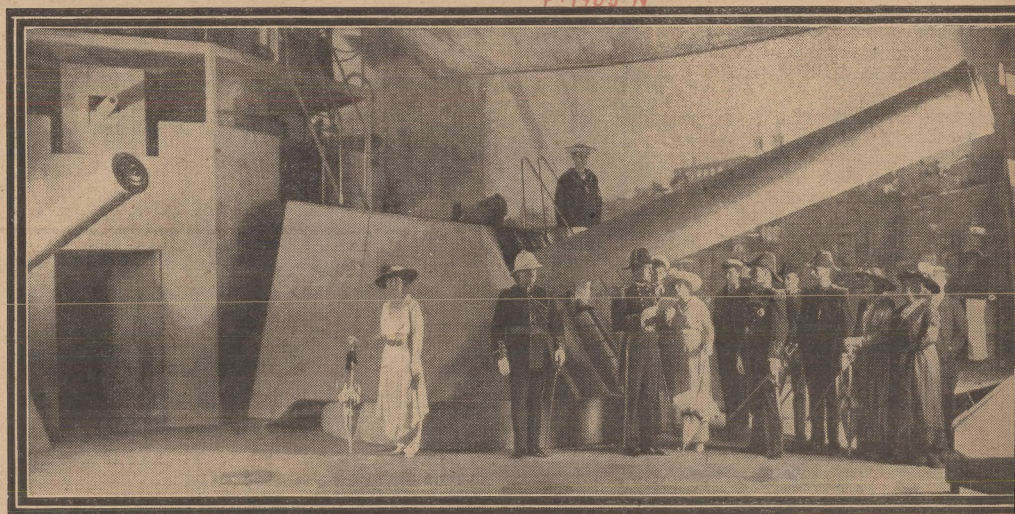
Mr. Godfrey Tearle, the Lieutenant.



Richard Lascelles's Bashi Bazouk dance.



Richard Lascelles's pleasant smile



The scene on the fore quarter-deck of H.M.S. Royal Edward.

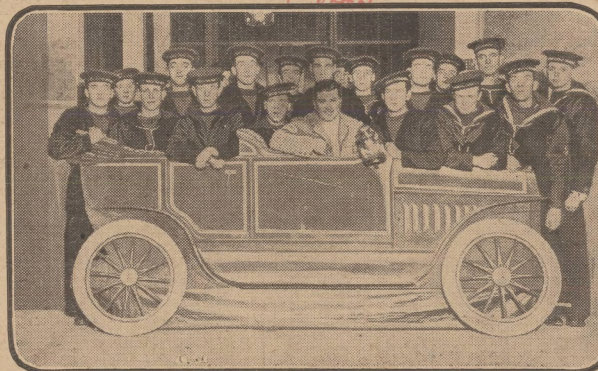
jackets and naval life. The play is full of sea "breeziness," and Mr. Godfrey Tearle, follows Mr. Cyril Maude as Richard Lascelles, makes an ideal hero.

## FOOTBALLER CHAPLAIN.



The Rev. H. V. Farnfield, the international Association footballer, who is proceeding to the front as a chaplain to the forces. He is one of the famous Farnfield brothers.

## HARRY TATE "MOTORS" WITH OUR SAILORS.



Mr. Harry Tate, the popular comedian, has been enjoying himself immensely. He motored down to the Crystal Palace last week and then "Motored" for the enjoyment of our British sailors there. Mr. Tate is seen with his well-known "car" and a company of new naval "stars."

## BULLDOG INVINCIBLE.



This is a British toy, a bulldog that won knocked down. The photograph shows bulldog getting on its feet. It was invented by Mr. Charles F. Best, the comedian.



# NEW BOLERO



A smart walking costume of black velvet. The bolero coat has been revived. — (Photo, Austin.)

# THE AUSTRIAN ARMY HIDES IN SNOW HOLES.

4-11908A



During the present severe weather vast drifts of snow have covered the country over which the Austrian Army has been operating in its struggle against the mighty forces of Russia. The Austrian soldiers, as seen in the photograph, utilise these drifts as trenches. They dig "snow holes" and bury themselves. These snow holes really make excellent trenches, although they are none too comfortable.

## SOISSONS: SUPPOSE THE GERMANS SHELLED LONDON?

4-11911J



This is a street scene in Soissons, taken during the last bombardment by the Germans. Those of us who have ever been to Soissons will hardly recognise the place, while people who called the place home can only look at such a picture through tears. How would London look after a German bombardment?

## BRITON ESCAPES FROM BRUSSELS.

P-16742



Mr. John Douglas Eshelby, who is photographed here with his wife, has been in Brussels since the German occupation. Hearing that all Britishers were to be imprisoned, he disguised himself as a Belgian carter and escaped in a blinding snowstorm to the Dutch frontier. The smaller photograph shows the disguise.



Important Announcement.

## Extraordinary Offer of Manufacturers' Stocks of High-class

# Fur Coats

to the Value of OVER

## £10,000

These have been obtained—owing to the war—at an unusually large discount off the manufacturers' actual prices. Every garment in this choice and perfectly modish stock will be offered during

**THIS WEEK ONLY,  
Commencing TO-DAY (Monday),**  
at little more than the wholesale value of the skins,  
in many cases.

### HALF USUAL PRICES

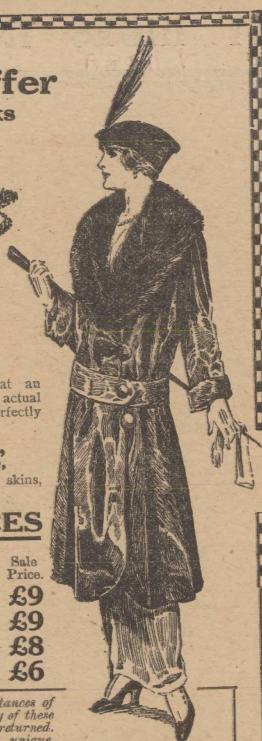
A few Examples:—

	Usual Price.	Sale Price.
No. 730.—SMART PONYSKIN COAT (as sketch), new belt effect, huge Collar of Skunk Opossum ...	£15	£9
No. 330.—MOLESKIN COAT, plain shape, 36in. long ...	£20	£9
No. 397.—CARACUL KID COAT, Mag- yar Sleeve ...	£18	£8
No. 395.—MOLE SQUIRREL COAT, 1 length ...	£15	£6

**N.B.** Owing to the quite exceptional circumstances of this sale, it will not be possible to send any of these Coats on approval, nor can they be exchanged or returned. The occasion and the values are absolutely unique.

## Frederick Gorringe

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W. LTD.



## The maximum of Comfort is in J.B. Side-Spring Corsets combined with ideal shape and extraordi- nary durability.

Yet the production of these famous Corsets is so perfectly organised that J.B. Corsets are sold at prices extremely moderate for Corsets of such quality.

One great "J.B." invention is the



Double Cloth Protecting Busto. No Edge-Buttonholes for Eyes.

**EVERY** woman knows that the line of greatest weakness in an ordinary corset is the front, but the "Masterfront" J.B. Side-Spring Corset has at last solved the problem.

**IN** the "Masterfront" device there is no seam at the edge of the bust to break out; the material is carried round the bust, the eyes projecting through strengthened button-holes; and the busts themselves are double.

J.B. "Masterfront" 561.—An elegant shape for slender or average figures, giving smart outline; low bust, long skirt, with straight back, light flexible boning; soft durable Cotton, four suspenders. **7/11**

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By META SIMMINS.



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the eyes,  
but with  
the mind."

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**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep emotion. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

SYLVIA CRAVEN is trying to complete an exquisite piece of embroidery at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As she speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrist and draws her towards him steadily. There is a moment between the half-closed door; a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered exclamation. Very quietly Mrs. Cunliffe enters. Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy—jealousy of Sylvia's attractions for Lane and of her youth and looks. She refuses to listen to Sylvia. "I have no further use for your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips. "And it will be useless for you to refer any future employer to me."

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives, of the disaster that has happened. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass. "You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me, you always do," she says with a little laugh. It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her. To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid. She has a deep-down affection for him which she is forced to keep to herself.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to tell her that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair. The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her. "Beloved, the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here to write a last letter to you, before the darkness swallows me up for ever. John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished. Sylvia sits there, frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her head. She is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar. "If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Magalla, in India, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intent listening, as he has been sitting for many days. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper. Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole scene dramatically, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier. The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia needs her, and after hearing that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes. "What are you going to do?" cries Sylvia. Before Valerie can answer the halting figure of John Hillier comes round the corner.

## A DESPERATE MOMENT.

AS Hillier came down the sun-bathed road, Sylvia heard the woman beside her draw in her breath swiftly, as though in pain, and knew, almost as though she could see into her sister's heart, the thoughts that were passing there.

To Valerie had come also that swift vision of what this man had been... this man who came towards them now with slow, hesitating steps.

Was it possible that Valerie could deliberately stab this man, who had already suffered so in-

tensely? She turned to her with a look of anguished appeal.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing—at present. Tell him any lie you like."

She turned her back on her with a gesture of infinite contempt that was to meet her husband.

"Why, Jack—how did you guess that I was here?" she asked.

There was talk among the servants of some visitor who had arrived in Napur—an English lady. So it taxed Butka. He said you had gone to meet her—so I followed you. Visitors are rare things in Napur."

There was almost a suggestion of sulkiness in Hillier's voice.

That was the one trace that his infirmity had set upon his character—a transitory one, as Laurence Seton had assured her, this little childish petulance against certain actions that displeased him. To Sylvia it was infinitely pathetic.

"Well, yes, there is a visitor. . . Afterwards she wondered how it was possible for Laurence Seton to have arrived in Napur—how he could play this part. "I—it was to have been a surprise for you. . . but it's not possible to hide anything from you, I'm afraid. Jack—guess who has come to see us?"

Perhaps the faint tremor in her voice—some subtle infection of which she herself was unconscious—suggested to the man that the surprise was scarcely a pleasant one. The look of constrained politeness that she knew so well crept up over Hillier's face.

"That's not very easy to do, I am afraid," he said. "Perhaps, let me see—perhaps—Miss Seton?"

His speechless eyes were turned to where Valerie stood, with that uncanny intuition as to position which on her first coming to India Sylvia had found so unnerving.

"Then I am afraid my imagination fails. I can think of no one else who would follow us up to Napur."

"Much farther than to Napur, Jack. Thousands and thousands of miles . . . over land and sea."

She could not go on; she was sick and faint with fear, and against her breast her heart was beating with some terrible, eager thought.

"Not Sylvia? My goodness, not Sylvia?"

Hillier made an eager step forward. His face had lighted up like the face of a happy child.

"Yes, Sylvia. . . It was Valerie who answered—Valerie who went forward and took Hillier's hands in her own."

Sylvia gave an almost hysterical little cry of relief—a cry that seemed to freeze on her lips before the look that her sister cast at her over her shoulder.

"Sylvia—by all that's amazing. But what's happened to you? You don't mean to say that you've grown up?"

"Well, naturally I have. Did you expect me to have my hair down and to wear short frocks?"

"Hardly. A puzzled look had come into Hillier's face. "Of course, you had grown up. I'm blind? If you haven't you can observe for yourself; it's pretty patent," he laughed, bitterly.

"I'm so sorry."

"Don't say that, please. Fate look me up by the hair and throw me into the dustbin, but Valerie here picked me out and washed and dusted me, and set me on my feet, and hence all's right with the world. But, I say—you haven't any right to have grown up so completely. Why, you seem to be infinitely more of a woman than my wife here. . . hullo! What's this?"

His hand had touched the sweeping folds of the white gauze veil.

"My veil, Jack. I put it on that I might look pretty when I arrived here. It's rather charming, I think; long and soft and white—if a trifle bridal."

In spite of herself a tinge of bitterness had crept into her face. Over Hillier's shoulder her eyes sought Sylvia's face, and rested there with a hard glitter not easy to read.

"I've no doubt you succeeded in your attempt, you mass of vanity!" Hillier laughed. "How's the hair, Sylvia? Still as strongly inclined to carrots as ever?"

There was a curious look in Valerie's face as she put up her hand and touched the soft wave of dusky hair that showed beneath the close brim of her hat.

"No, not quite," she said.

"Well, there's something about you that puzzles me," Hillier said. "And—why in the name of goodness didn't you write and let us know that you were coming?"

He broke off quickly, aware that if she had not apprised his wife of her coming she could not have stolen out for this pressing half a mile away from the bungalow. Once again that little cloud of childish petulance came over his face.

"She did, Jack," Sylvia cried quickly. "That was my surprise for you. . . I was going to bring it to you."

Hillier wheeled in the direction in which her voice had come.

"Now, which of you was speaking then?" he asked. "Upon my soul, I'd have thought it was Sylvia."

A little laugh rapped out like a shot. Valerie's laugh, and in that moment Sylvia felt that she hated her sister. A thought that had been lurking among the snowflakes in her heart for days past took sudden definite form. Whatever happened she still would be Jack's wife. He

was her man . . . won by a fraud or not, he was her man . . .

"It was your wife who spoke," she said, and words and look alike were as a throwing down of a gauge before this woman who had travelled out from England to ruin her happiness.

"Oh, well," Hillier stifled an impatient sigh. This unexpected arrival from England had brought the loss of his sight home with redoubled bitterness. He felt curiously vexed and

taunted by the resemblance of the voices—by the fact that his wife should have kept the news of her sister's coming hidden from him.

"You're a surprising pair! I suppose," he added impatiently, "any way, we seem to be qualifying for a touch of sunstroke, standing here in this sun-baked road."

"We had better drive on," Valerie said.

"In your tonga? Thanks, no! I would not have the death of Baram Singh's prehistoric ponies upon my head for all the wealth of India. Drive on in state, Sylvia. Valerie and I, as befits the native population, will hoof it back alone."

The ancient vehicle got under way slowly, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Why do you treat me as though I were a child, Valerie?" Hillier slipped his hand under her arm as she went, but Sylvia knew that he was vexed with her. "I should have liked to know that Sylvia was coming. Don't keep things from me, old girl. I'm not a child, even although I'm as much trouble to you as half a dozen of 'em."

"Jack—I never keep things from you!"

In a sense the passionate protest was true; beyond this one terrible and outstanding secret that lay between them, he was master of her every hope and thought.

"But it would appear that you can!" He laughed a little and gave her arm a friendly pressure. "And don't let the habit grow on you, Valerie. I'm jealous of your very thoughts. You must never forget that you're not only the world to me—you're the very sun in the heavens."

They were within sight of the bungalow now; the tonga was trundling into the compound.

"Leave me here and hurry to catch the child up," Hillier told her. "You must have a tremendous lot to say to each other, you two. Find out if the little girl's in any trouble—she's so altered, aged and hardened. I can't explain—I feel it in my bones, somehow, that's all—that the real, delightful, fresh-hearted Sylvia seems in some appalling fashion to have disappeared."

Sylvia's lips trembled. She was intensely thankful to obey him and hurry on to join Valerie at the house.

## VALERIE'S THREAT.

SYLVIA HILLIER stood before the glass in her bedroom, staring earnestly at her reflected image.

It wanted more than an hour to the time of dinner, but already she was dressed. Her gown was of some black filmy stuff against which her delicately rounded arms and slender neck shone with the soft fairness of new ivory. The candle-light drew out the red-gold in her tawny hair.

Her stock of gowns was very slender—she had spent not one penny of Laurence Seton's draft beyond what had seemed to her absolutely necessary—she had chosen to-night to don the one she considered the most becoming of them all.

It was extraordinarily foolish of her, perhaps, to wish to shine in Valerie's eyes—Valerie transformed by the wave of a magician's wand, from a sister into a rival—but it was extremely feminine.

As she looked at her reflection she recognised the foolishness of her desire, even while she revelled a little in the knowledge of its success. Then, with a sigh and a quick frown, she blew out the candles and went out into the corridor to knock at Valerie's door.

Her heart beat quickly as she went. There had been no private talk between them since their meeting in the morning. Valerie, with a bitter cruelty, as it seemed to her, had refused to reopen the question.

"No, no; we're under the white flag now. It's a truce. Come to me half an hour before dinner, we can talk then."

"Oh, Jack's quite right—quite right," the girl said to herself as she went. "Valerie has changed, in some dreadful and inexplicable way, Valerie has changed. I knew she would be angry and jealous and hard—unforgiving, perhaps, but not deliberately and wantonly cruel."

Valerie had not begun to dress. She was lying back in the cushioned deep cane lounge, reading. She did not close the book when Sylvia entered, though she looked up at a yawning.

"Oh, it's you. You're looking very pretty, my dear. And all this for a blind man. Heigh ho!"

There was malice and more than malice in the look with which she raked the slim figure. Once again Sylvia was aware of that sense of fear. Valerie hated her. She need expect no mercy from Valerie. . .

She sat down on the edge of the bed and folded her hands tightly together.

"Valerie, I must know what you are going to do. You cannot realise what this suspense means to me."

(Continued on page 13.)

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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Mr. Brangwyn's Gift to Paris.

The French papers last week made much of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's gift of 200 engravings to the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, a gift which at this time is particularly apropos, for Mr. Brangwyn is certainly an "Allies' artist." He is an Englishman, born in Belgium, with a home in France. He was born at Bruges forty-seven years ago, and he lived with his family in Belgium for the first seven or eight years of his life.



Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

Mer" in reality. The nearest sea is some ten miles away at Le Touquet, but once upon a time it was a busy port like our now sea-deserted Winchelsea.

## Forgotten Seaports.

To-day it is a huddled town of rich roofed houses clustered on a hill and completely surrounded by old walled towns. Not many visitors find their way to it, though our great-grandfathers must have known it well, for it was the end of the first day's journey to Paris in the old days of stage coaches. In fact, two or three hundred years ago Montreuil was reckoned more English than France, and to this day its unusual number of red-headed people are pointed out by the inhabitants as descendants of the English, whom the provincial French used to believe were all red-headed.

## The Huns Would Love to Smash It.

I am thankful that the tide of war that has passed not many miles from Montreuil has never yet reached it. It is one of those irreplaceable towns the Huns would love to batter to pieces. Other artists besides Mr. Brangwyn have made it a headquarters, but he is the best-known there. That artist has a fondness for these derelict seaports. He spent many happy weeks in Sandwich some years ago. He used to paint the old barges that still find their way to Sandwich in the daytime and make friends with their skippers at night.

## Went a Sailing.

With one of these old seamen, it is told, he struck up a close friendship, and when the artist's money had gone he went for a voyage in the old sailor's coasting schooner, a trip which, knowing Mr. Brangwyn's sea pictures and his love of the sea, I can imagine he found particularly pleasant.

## The C.N.'s Strategy.

I read in Saturday's *Westminster Gazette*: "The report of the capture of Staden by British troops sent by the Central News Agency from Amsterdam yesterday is confirmed." Good. But I hope soon to hear that the Central News Agency has sent British troops to Berlin.

## Explicit.

And yesterday's *Referee* informs me that "Owing to the heavy booking for 'Peg o' My Heart' at the Comedy, it will run there until the Saturday before it opens at the Globe on the following Monday." Wouldn't it be more explicit to mention that it will open on the day before the day after it opens?

## Music-hall Selections.

I wandered into three music-halls during the week-end, and it struck me that the music-hall orchestra is not rising to the scratch in these exciting times. The artists do their best to give us patriotic and stirring songs of more or less merit, but the orchestra, in its selections and incidental music, makes no attempt to revive the grand old songs and tunes of the past.

## Try a Real Old British Tune.

Surely the music-hall patron would rather hear a melody of "Tom Bowling," "The Arctura," "Hearts of Oak," and such fine old ditties, than the unknown melodies of some forgotten or moribund light opera. I sat through a whole show on Friday night and never heard one good British fighting tune, with the exception of one verse of "Tipperary." Gentlemen of the baton, there is a war going on. Try a war tune, a real one, on your audience, and see if they like it.

## What Young India Thinks.

"You may judge for yourself how the revolution in India is going on," writes a correspondent, in forwarding to me a letter he has recently received from a young Hindu in Southern India, to whom my correspondent regularly sends the Overseas Edition of *The Daily Mirror*. The youth is intensely interested in the war, and writes: "Can you say anything about our Indians in your letters? I can say that they are not easy-going men, but will teach a lesson to the Germans."

## And What Does Big Willie Think?

"In our class a regular clapping of hands is going on every day, and on the blackboards these words are written sometimes: 'Hail, India's fighting sons! Our Gurkhas and Sikhs. Three cheers, three cheers.' . . . We are very proud of them, because they brought us honour and glory. I never dreamt that India will come to such a position." This is written by a member of one of the races Big Willie's advisers assured him would revolt at once. Just for curiosity I should like to know exactly what Big Willie does think of his efficient secret service agents now.

## Nanny in the Trenches.

A French soldier recovering from frostbite which he got in Flanders has told my Paris gossip the story of a white goat with a long beard that came one night right up to the trenches in which he was. A soldier gave it a piece of biscuit, and the animal jumped in beside him. For a while it lived with the men, one of whom christened the animal "The Matron," because it reminded him of a nurse he had known—it was so thin, so refined in manner and so gentle.

## She Paid for Her Keep.

But Nanny could chew tobacco—especially English tobacco—like an old salt. She had a healthy appetite for bread, potatoes and carrots, but she more than paid for her keep, for every day she yielded a generous quantity of delicious creamy milk. But she was fond of her liberty, and one day as she was returning to the trenches she fell a victim to a German bullet.

## They Avenged Her.

The Frenchmen were greatly enraged, and at night, when the "Bosches" stole out with the object of seizing "The Matron's" body, they were warmly received. The Frenchmen sprang at them like tigers, and before they could beat a retreat a dozen Germans bit the dust. Nanny was taken back to the French trenches and solemnly interred some distance from the front.

## Our Football Fund.

The week-end reinforcements of footballs were good; twenty-eight new ones arrived, including a dozen splendid balls from Lady Mary Hope. But the applicants beat us again. On my desk yesterday morning was a frightening pile of letters. For the moment I thought we were routed, but a good number of the letters were acknowledgments of balls received; still, I had over fifty new applications.

## It Means a Lot to "Tommy."

We shall want that third hundred and a fourth at this rate; but I think we can get it if we try. Up to date I have received 266 footballs from my generous readers. These balls go out to the "Tommys" who are asking for them as fast as we can pack them—and others write for more: One football isn't much to us here at home; to the men "out there" it is, and—I judge—from their letters—a godsend sometimes to as many as a hundred men.

## Convalescents Want Them.

Picking up the pile of yesterday's letters at hazard, the first one I see is from a convalescent depot in France. An R.A.M.C. major writes: ". . . the men are convalescent, but not quite fit enough to go back to the firing line. . . and a football would be an absolute godsend to them, as they have so few amusements." Another comes from a battery in camp in Sussex. It reads: ". . . we have only one football to the whole battery; we have a lot of chaps who could play, but cannot; they can only look on."

## Let "the Chaps at the Front" Come First.

In another letter I read a familiar postscript. It is appended in some form to many of the applications: "But please send to the chaps at the front before us." It comes from a big camp in the Midlands. No, we must send those footballs somehow; a ball means such a lot to "Tommy." Now, then, who will help to make the soldiers happy?

## The Poet of Matrod.

Looking through the German picture papers yesterday, I came across this picture of Ernst Lissauer, the man who wrote the now-famous Hymn of Hate to guide the docile German's policy in regard to Britain. He doesn't look a particularly ferocious German, despite his fearsome poem.



Ernst Lissauer.

satirist, described as a German edition of Sir Owen Seaman, whose verses under "O. S." are such a brilliant feature in *Punch*.

## Sausage Eating and Talk.

Lissauer belongs to a secessionist branch of the modern school of Munich poets. In *Jugend* and similar publications they have an absolutely free hand to write and draw what they like, with the result that some of the drawings in particular are real masterpieces. By the way, it is a good Munich custom for these craftsmen to spend two evenings a week together, eating sausages, drinking beer and discussing each other's work.

## Cleanliness in Fighting Line.

We all of us have heard of the British soldier's love of cleanliness. Tommy's desire to be clean even before going into battle is scoffed at by the Germans, but in one fortunate case this very fact saved a man's life.

## Life Saved by Towel.

The wife of Private H. G. Hill, of the 11th Hussars, sends me a letter from her husband at the front, in which he mentions how this happened. Hill was going into the trenches under fire, when a bullet entered the haversack he was carrying on his back. It smashed a bottle which contained his rifle oil, and he found it afterwards lodged in a towel which he always carried with him!

## From a New V.C.

The mother of Sergeant E. G. Harlock, V.C., the bombardier of the 133th Battery, who received promotion and the Victoria Cross recently, asks me to thank, through *The Daily Mirror*, "all his good fellow-countrymen for their congratulations on his V.C., as it is quite impossible for him to reply to their letters in the trenches." Will those kind friends accept this message of thanks, and will Sergeant Harlock accept my congratulations?

## Our Oldest Field-Marshal.

The oldest of the field-m Marshals, Sir Charles Brownlow, was eighty-three on Saturday. The baton came rather late in life to this grand old soldier (when nearly seventy-seven), though if distinguished service in nine campaigns and an enviable row of medals to show for his fighting stand for anything, he should have had the honour long before.

## Brownlow's Punjabis.

Sir Charles was campaigning in the Punjab at sixteen, and when his fighting days were over he acted as assistant military secretary at the Horse Guards for ten years, until he reached general's rank in 1880. He married the next year the eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. King, of Warfield Hall, Berks, who brought him that charming place near Bracknell, where he has interested himself in the evening of his years in horse breeding. He is colonel of the distinguished corps of the Indian Army bearing his name, "Brownlow's Punjabis."

## A Quick Supper.

Appropos of the raw egg diet of a soldier friend of mine which I mentioned on Saturday, another friend reminds me that a raw egg in a glass of beer is one of the most nourishing suppers one can get. After a theatre or on arriving home hungry late at night the egg and beer meal, he says, is most welcome, and, moreover, can nearly always be secured, for an egg and a bottle of beer are to be found in most households without much trouble. I must try it.

THE RAMBLER.

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The Christmas delivery of our noted Grenoble Gloves has been received. The following are the makes and qualities that we have had specially cut and manufactured for us without a break for over 30 years. These Gloves cannot be obtained elsewhere; the price list has not been advanced.

- The "GRANVILLE" Chevrete Suede, black and about 35 new shades, 4 button ... 2/11½
- The "TROUVILLE" Glace Kid, buttons, all fashionable shades ... 2/11½
- The "MIKADU" 3 button, fine French Kid, with Fancy Embroidery in 30 shades, and White and Black ... 2/11½
- The "PARISIENNE" 3 button French Suede, in all fashionable shades and Black and White ... 3/6
- La MARGUERITE, Our Famous White French Glace, 12 B. Mousq., 5/11, 16 B. Mousq. ... 7/11
- La FRANCAISE, Fine French Suede, 10 W. to Black, and all the newest shades, 12 butt, Mousq. ... 3/11
- La PARISIENNE, French Suede, in all the latest colourings, and Black and White, 12 B. Mousq. ... 4/11
- 12 Butt, Mousq., Fancy Pearl Buttons, very fine white Glace, special price ... 3/11
- The DAISY, 12 B. Mousq., Fine French Glace, a perfect fitting Glove ... 4/11

A Great Variety of Fur, Furlined and Woollen Gloves. All Gloves are fitted on at the counter, if desired.

All parcels above 2/6 post paid.  
The Price List has not been advanced.  
Catalogue on application.

**William Owen,**  
Westbourne Grove,  
& Hatherley Grove, W.



## Protection!

IN safeguarding the Briton Wolsey does a useful share. For Wolsey Underwear protects its countless wearers against the ever present danger of Chills and Colds and all the ills they lead to.

This Wolsey protection is explained by the specially selected pure wool from which all Wolsey Underwear is made—and neither Science, nor Nature can offer anything better. Wolsey truly offers real protection in

**Wolsey**  
British Underwear

Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable and replaced free if found otherwise. Made for all and at prices to suit all—but see the Trade Mark.

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.



## "GRUMPY" IN THE UNITED STATES AGAIN.



Mr. Cyril Maude and his company photographed on their way to America, where they are now playing "Grumpy" again with immense success. The company devote two days a week to making bandages, etc., for our soldiers at the front.

## SHORT OF CHOCOLATE.

Germany's Plans for "Adulteration" to Help Out Diminishing Stock.

### "SAVING THE COCOA."

Germany's supply of chocolate is running out, and the use of "substitutes"—a polite euphemism for adulteration—is already in contemplation.

The shortage of the genuine article is due to the great demand for chocolate for the Huns at the front.

"It is true that most chocolate makers still hold good stocks of beans warehoused at Hamburg before the outbreak of hostilities, including beans warehoused for the English," writes an expert.

"There are also means of getting a certain amount of beans into Germany from abroad. But all these do not extend very far into the future, and manufacturers must make the most of the stocks already on hand."

Most of the proposals made with the object of enabling them to do this are concerned with the use of cocoa substitutes, and it is also suggested that the percentage of cocoa in chocolate should be brought down below thirty per cent! "Now that the hot weather is over it will," it is suggested, "be preferable to increase the amount of cocoa butter in the chocolates, and save cocoa that way."

"Milk chocolate, too, affords an excellent means of saving cocoa, for good qualities can be manufactured with very little cocoa. As regards cocoa substitutes, much may be done by putting in rice, oatmeal, etc."

"Cream chocolates are in the same boat with milk chocolates, and both are great favourites with the troops."

### FOOTBALL CROWDS SHRINKING.

Football crowds are growing still smaller. There has again been a great drop in the attendances at the big football matches this week-end.

Especially notable was the decrease in the number of people attending First League matches. On Saturday these totalled only 75,000, as against 110,000 a week ago, and 228,000 exactly a year ago.

At Second League matches there were 55,200 spectators, as compared with 108,000 last year.

### MARRIED 49 TIMES TOO OFTEN.

New York, Dec. 12.—The police at Hoboken are searching for a man named Karl von Wagner, who, by a representative aid society, is estimated to have married fifty women.

Four have already lodged charges against him in Hoboken.

His usual procedure seems to have been to make the acquaintance of women with money through matrimonial advertisements, and after marriage either obtain control of the money outright or "invest" it for the benefit of his victims.

### ANXIOUS WIFE'S HOPE.

If this should reach the eyes of Private S. Aldridge (5894, B Co., 1st Wilt), he is asked to write to his wife at 32, Bishopstrow, near Warminster. She is very anxious about him, having received a letter from his captain to say he had been killed, but, as his name has not appeared on the War Office list of killed, she has still hopes that he is alive.

## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I daresay," Valerie laughed lightly, running her finger up and down the page of her book. "But sin and suffering—the one follows the other inevitably. Didn't the dear nuns teach you that at school?"

"At least, Jack has not sinned—"

"Not so much of Jack, please. We're talking of you."

Valerie rose with an impatient movement and began to pace the long narrow room. She was tall, and the trailing white draperies accentuated her height. As she reached the bed she stopped looking down at her sister, and Sylvia, looking up at the white face with feverish, fascinated eyes, saw strange new lines of suffering graven about the corners of the proud, beautiful mouth.

"Valerie—" On an impulse she stood up, holding out her hands. "I beg you to forgive me. . . I beg you to forgive me. I would never have wronged you—never. It was for Jack that I did this thing—oh, my dear, I'd give my right hand that it might be undone!"

She meant all that she said in that moment. Resentment and jealousy and fear were blotted out by that look of suffering in Valerie's face. She remembered only the sister she adored, and longed for the love that, not an hour since, had seemed to lie dead and cold in her heart.

Valerie drew back from her with a gesture of repulsion.

"Don't touch me," she cried sharply. "If it were only you who were concerned in the matter, do you imagine that I would have held my tongue for one single moment. It's for his sake that I let you go on piling lie on lie. When I saw his face . . . I had to wait . . . I had to think what I must do. . ."

She paused for a moment, her eyes bent on the floor. Then—

"But I know now that I was wrong to allow this thing to go on—utterly wrong. Jack must be told the truth. I must tell him the truth."

Sylvia stared at her with a stricken face.

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, every word I say. I intend to tell him the truth myself, in my own time and my own way."

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

## CHRISTMAS FARE FOR THE POOR.

Funds to supply Christmas fare to the very poor are needed by the St. Giles' Christian Mission. Last year the institution distributed dinners to 12,500 hungry people.

The mission, which is housing penniless Belgians in its homes at Maldon, is proud of the fact that since war began thirty-five inmates of its Boys' Homes have enlisted, while several "old boys" are now fighting in the trenches.

Contributions will be acknowledged by Mr. William Wheatley, Superintendent of the Mission, 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square, London, W.C.

1/- NET A CHEERY GLEAM FOR XMAS

NOW ON SALE

**Winter's Pie**

BUY IT! READ IT!

Then send it on to your relations or friends at the Front, Camp, or Hospital

ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT.

## The Oatine Girls' Free Offer



This delightful Toilet Outfit, as illustrated above, will be sent post free by the Oatine Co. to all sending 3d. in stamps to help pay cost of postage and packing.

The Outfit contains a bijou tin of OATINE FACE CREAM, which restores the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is nature's own protector and rejuvenator. OATINE FACE CREAM contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hair. All Chemists stock Oatine in white jars, 1s. 1/2d., or larger size, holding three times as much, 3s. 3d.

The Toilet Outfit also contains—  
2.—A tin of Oatine Snow, a greaseless cream for the complexion, hands, etc. Sold in 1s. jars by all Chemists.

3.—A 3d. cake of the delightful "Oatine" Toilet Soap.

4.—A full-size 2d. packet of Shampoo Powder.

5.—A packet of Invisible Face Powder.

6.—A 50-page Booklet entitled "Beauty and Health."

THIS OUTFIT IS SENT FREE

to every reader of this paper. Write to-day, enclosing 3d. in stamps (4d. stamps preferred) to cover cost of postage and packing.

THE OATINE CO.,  
116, Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.

## LIBERTY'S VELVET HATS FOR THE WINTER



SOFT & WARM, IN A CHOICE OF LIBERTY COLOURS  
BRITISH MADE 7/11 CARRIAGE PAID 8/4

A BOOKLET OF INEXPENSIVE HATS FREE  
LIBERTY & CO REGENT ST. LONDON

## SPECIAL OFFER!



4,000 pair of pure Yorkshire Hosiery, which are guaranteed to prove a great source of satisfaction to the purchaser. Measuring size 60in. wide by 80in. long. Sale price 1/11 per pair. Try a sample pair. Illustrated Hosiery Catalogue of Carpers, Hosiery, Overmantels, Bedsteads, bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free if mentioned "Daily Mirror," 14/12/14, when writing. Address F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. Dir.) Manufacturers and Merchants, Woolley Road, LEEDS.

## KNIT WAR SOCKS

Secure good pay, with continuous work, at fixed rates, by knitting hosiery on Auto-Knitters. Reliable persons supplied with machines on easy terms. Experience unnecessary (distance immaterial). Write for full particulars, including 1d. stamp for postage.

THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Ltd.  
(Dept. 54), 50 & 52, Belvoir St., LEICESTER.



# PAIN'S XMAS GIFTS FOR 1914

EVERYONE WILL APPRECIATE THESE OR OTHERS FROM THE THOUSANDS OF ALL KINDS

Shown in our New Illustrated Xmas Catalogue which will be sent, post free, with any of the PATRIOTIC NOVELTIES, shown below, or, separately, gratis and post free, on receipt of

**A Postcard only.** This Catalogue is "The Best of the Season," and tells you of thousands of other "Big Bargains" in Watches (The Gent's "Right Time," Nickel Silver Watch and Chain 2/6), Clocks (The "Moonlight" Alarm—shows the time in the dark—2/6), Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Novelties, Gramophones and Records, Toys, Xmas Cards, etc., etc.

DM12. The "Four All-Flies" Charm. British, French, Belgian and Russian soldiers. Real Silver. Size shown. 1/6 post free.

DM109. The "Comrades in Arms" Brooch. Four All-Flies enameled in correct colours, crossed guns, cannon, etc. Size shown. Gold Plate 1/6. Real Silver 2/6. Either post free.

DM101. The "Six Flags" Brooch. Six All-Flies enameled in correct colours. Size shown. Gold Plate 1/3. Post free.

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## A PRESENT FOR "LITTLE KITCHENER."



A German cartoon showing Santa Claus presenting "Little Lord Kitchener" with a box of models from which he can make toy tin soldiers. Some Germans really think this is funny.

### NEWS ITEMS.

#### Rousing Send-off for Tsar.

Amid enthusiastic demonstrations from the inhabitants, says Reuter, the Tsar has left Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus.

#### British Steamer Lost.

The British steamer *Silurian* has broken in two and is a total loss, says an Oporto message, which adds that the crew of eighteen were saved.

#### Overcoming the Snow.

To render themselves less easy of observation in the snow-covered landscape, German troops, says a message from Vienna, are adopting white clothing.

#### Famous Novelist as Volunteer.

A telegram from Petrograd, says the Exchange, states that Maxim Gorky has volunteered for a post at the Moscow military hospital to attend the wounded.

#### Montenegrin Victory.

The Montenegrin Army, says a telegram from Cetinje, has crossed the River Lim and inflicted considerable losses on the enemy, taking 150 Austrians prisoners.

#### Burning "the Demon."

For burning a child to death on the ground that it was a demon, because it began to tooth so early, some Indian villagers, says a Bombay cable, have been sentenced to transportation for life.

#### United States "Warned."

General Carranza, says Reuter, has issued a statement to the effect that if the United States employs force in connection with the situation on the Mexican border it will be "considered an unfriendly act."

#### Hurt During Experiments.

The Matin has received a telegram from Bourges, says Reuter, stating that during experiments with explosives an explosion occurred, injuring several people, including two women.

#### Quite Content with Berlin.

The suggestion to alter German street names in London is discontinued by the Local Government Committee of the London County Council, who point out that in the case of Berlin, Cardiff, the occupiers have voted against any alteration.

### SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

**THE LEAGUE—Division I:** Sunderland (h) 2, Burnley 1; Newcastle United 3, Blackburn Rovers (h) 3; Bolton Wanderers (h) 4, Middlesbrough 0; Everton (h) 4, Manchester City 1; Bradford (h) 1, Liverpool 0; Oldham Athletic (h) 3, Aston Villa 3; West Brom. A. (h) 2, Chelsea 0; Sheffield United 2, Manchester United (h) 1; Tottenham Hotspur 3, Notts County (h) 1; Sheffield Wed. (h) 3, Bradford City 3.

**THE LEAGUE—Division II:** Grimsby Town (h) 2, Blackpool 0; Leeds City (h) 7, Leicester Fosse 3; Derby County (h) 2, Bury 1; Wolverhampton W. 1, Fulham (h) 0; Preston North End 3, The Arsenal (h) 1; Hull City (h) 2, Barnsley 1; Stockport County (h) 2, Glossop 1; Lincoln City (h) 3, Bristol City 1; Birmingham (h) 1, Huddersfield Town 0; Clayton Orient (h) 0, Notts Forest 1.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I:** Reading (h) 1, Exeter City 0; Watford (h) 4, Gillingham 0; Swindon 2, Millwall Athletic (h) 1; Northampton (h) 2, Brighton and Hove Albion 1; Plymouth Argyle (h) 2, Norwich City 2; Queens Park Rangers (h) 4, Southend United 2; Crystal Palace (h) 1, Luton Town 1; Crystal Palace 2, West Ham United (h) 1; Portsmouth 3, Bristol Rovers (h) 2; Southampton (h) 1, Cardiff City 1.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division II:** Brentford (h) 2, Swansea 0; Barry (h) 1, Mid-Rhonda 1; Coventry (h) 8, Aberystwyth 0; Stoke (h) 5, Pontypridd 0.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Partick (h) 3, Aberdeen 0; Hearts (h) 3, Airdrieonians 1; Ayr 3, Dundee (h) 3; Celtic (h) 5, 1; Linlithgow 1, 1; Dumbarton 3; Rangers (h) 2, Raith (h) 1; Motherwell (h) 4, Falkirk 1; St. Mirren 1; Hamilton 0; Third Lanark (h) 2, Hibernians 2; Rangers 1, Kilmarnock (h) 0.**

**NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE—Batley (h) 7ps, Hull Barrow (h) 3, Warrington 3; Huddersfield (h) 60, Bradford 7; Kingston Rovers (h) 11, Dewsbury 3; Keighley (h) 0, Bramley 0; Leeds (h) 36, York 0; St. Helens 9, Oldham 7; Swinton (h) 6, Leigh 0; Wakefield (h) 10, Halifax 3; Widnes (h) 19, Hunslet 5; Wigan (h) 36, Salford 0.**

### GATWICK WINNERS AND PRIZES.

**Race.** Victor de Wet..... Reardon  
Corrigan/Hurdle (10)... Dale  
Horsman/Hurdle (10)... Dale  
Novices' Chase (10)... Dale  
Gatwick Hurdle (14)... 6-1  
Wickham Chase (6)... 1-1  
Juvenile Hurdle (21)... 1-1  
(The figures in parentheses indicate number of starters.)

### THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Smith beat Reece by 759 points in the billiards tournament held at 800-squares on Saturday, and having won seven games, is now assured of first prize.

At the Ring on Saturday night Young Fox (Leeds) outclassed Alf Wye, the ex-amateur bantam-weight champion. Wye retired before the finish of the second round.

In the international golf match in aid of Princess Mary's Fund at Fulwell on Saturday, England beat Scotland by 8 matches to 6. England won the singles by 6 matches to 3, but lost the fourfours by 2 to 3.

Johnny Summers meets Sergeant Baham at the National Sporting Club to-night in a twenty rounds contest for the Welter-weight Belt. If Summers wins the belt becomes his own property, as he has already beaten Arthur Evans and Sid Burns.

## The Century Record China Package.



ONLY 22/6 PACKED FREE

This Famous Package contains 1 Complete Dinner Service for 12 persons, 1 Complete Tea Service for 12 persons, with Free Gift of Teapot to match. Beautiful design. Splendid quality. **SECURELY PACKED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 22/6. Satisfaction guaranteed.** Splendid Christmas or Wedding Present.

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KENSINGTON

USEFUL PRESENTS

1/11 (Box and Post 3d.)  
Soft plush Black Velvet  
and bound Black, White  
or Gold. Fashion's  
craze. Worth much more.

2/6 Box and Post 4d.  
Tiger soft Black  
Velvet. With  
trimmings  
White, Red,  
Saxe, or  
Purple.  
Bangles.

1/11 (Box and Post 3d.)  
Also with  
initial at the  
same  
price or plain  
for 1/4d.

We willingly refund  
cash if the goods are  
not to your approval.

5/11 Post  
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**NOVA**—The House of the  
Season. Made of Rich Quality  
Silk. Elegance, beautifully cut and  
finished. The new Guard collar of  
Velvet to tone. Can be turned  
up or down to suit wearer's taste.  
Colours: Saxe, Green, Tan, Grey,  
Navy, Saxe, Mole, Purple or Black.  
Pattern a Whimsy Sent.  
Rose and Grey.

**PETTIT'S, Kensington High St., W.**

# FURS

are a sensible  
and useful  
XMAS GIFT  
and certain  
to please.

**BEST SELECTIONS  
and BEST VALUE  
in London.**

Charming Stock and Mus (as  
sketch) in REAL  
BLACK FOX ... 5 1/2 Gns.  
Or SILKY BLACK  
WOLF ... 4 1/2 Gns.

A postcard  
will  
bring  
new  
Illustrated  
Catalogue.

A visit is  
highly  
esteemed.

Endless Stocks of Stoles and  
Muffs in Fox, Wolf, Bear,  
Squirrel, Skunk, etc., etc.  
From The Set.  
3 gns.

Selections willingly sent  
on approval.

Hundreds of  
Model Fur  
Costs. From  
**BEST POSSIBLE  
VALUE FOR MONEY**  
EVERY ARTICLE  
GUARANTEED.

**The WHOLESALE FUR CO.**  
201, Regent St., London, W.  
(First floor, not a shop). Entrance in Conduit St.

9d. & 1/3.  
PAIN BROS., Dept. U19, "Present House," Hastings.







Monday, December 14, 1914.

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

## WHY DELAY?

THE DAILY MIRROR OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION contains all the Latest and Best War

Pictures and News and is therefore the Best Weekly Newspaper for your friends abroad. You can obtain it from your Newsagent for 3d. per copy.

Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months 10/-; elsewhere abroad, 15/-; Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

## WAR IN WINTER: PRUSSIAN SNOWS THAT ARE DABBLED IN BLOOD.

Q.423 R



After an East Prussian battle. Asleep in snow-bound trenches.

Q.11912 X



The war in East Prussia. Germans engaged in ice breaking.

The German Army is suffering terrible hardships from a bitterly cold winter in its struggle on the Russian frontier. Many of the men have been frozen to death, and

thousands have been invalided home. The Russians do not feel the cold so severely. Their best regiments are used to Siberian winters.

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